

THE ARGUS.

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BY "THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, January 4, 1915.

Wisconsin now wants ex-President Taft to become president of its state university. Poor old Hub LaFollette.

The "Mrs. A. man" movement is more important just now than the "buy a bale of cotton" or "buy a sack of flour" campaign.

Dr. Beard of Columbia university declares China is better fitted for self-government than the United States is. Tell that to China.

Brigadier-General Hugh L. Scott says the solution of the Mexican problem is far from hopeless. Here's the man the progressives are looking for. Such optimism as that deserves a broader field.

The American Society for the Advancement of Science announces that it desires great men to donate their brains after death for scientific purposes. A good way will anxiously await the printing of the list of eligibles.

The tale from southern Missouri of the attempt of negroes to lynch one of their color for an attempt upon the life of a white man bears the earmarks of publicity promotion. Still, the negroes may have been trying to heat the white folks to it.

In assisting refugees to get away from danger in the zone controlled by Turkey the cruiser Tennessee has been doing what many believe is more important work for the ultimate welfare of mankind than the combined might of the contending powers.

Some of the dear girls ought to get the open complexion that it is most becoming and stick to it, observes the Memphis Commercial Appeal. Well said. And some of the dear older girls should take more pains in matching the colors of their hair. Consistency is certainly a jewel when it comes to matters of this kind.

Partial repudiation of the phonetic spelling by the State Teachers' association has been pointed to by anti-phonetists as an evidence of sanity, which undoubtedly is true, though possibly not in the sense which the association is intended to convey. Perhaps the teachers took thought of the prejudice of the hard-headed members of the boards of education back home before they declared themselves.

This is the time of year when the farmer will be conserving his interests much better if he takes a sack of grain out and scatters it in the fields and pastures for the quail instead of shouldering his gun and potting the coveys he finds huddled together in the snow. Fortunately, the man with the sack is growing more common these latter years, while the man with the gun is becoming less popular.

GROOMING PINDELL. The Vinson Record, the Peoria Transcript notes, celebrates the dying year by proposing a fellow townsman, Henry M. Pindell, for the democratic gubernatorial nomination in 1916, and in black-faced type giving the following reasons in support of his availability for Governor Dunne's job:

The nominee is almost sure to be a downstate man, and the fact that Mr. Pindell lives near the center of the state and in the second largest city in Illinois, makes him a formidable candidate.

Mr. Pindell is not a stranger to the people of Illinois. In fact, he is the biggest man in the state and his recent appointment as minister to Russia by President Wilson, demonstrated that he is a man of exceptional ability.

No one in Illinois is closer to President Wilson than Mr. Pindell. Mr. Pindell was the original Wilson man of Illinois, and it was he who went to the Baltimore convention and did more than any other one man in securing Mr. Wilson's nomination and later his election.

Should Mr. Pindell decide to become a candidate for governor two years hence, he is sure to have the backing of not only President Wilson, but the national democratic administration.

Mr. Pindell is editor of the most influential democratic newspaper in Illinois. Many a time and oft has Mr. Pindell's newspaper saved the democratic day not only in Peoria and Peoria county, but the Sixteenth congressional district as well.

The Record also expressed the opinion that Mr. Pindell would receive the support of all the democratic newspapers in the state, and that he would be a candidate upon whom all factions could unite. The Peoria paper adds:

"The Transcript enthusiastically secures the nomination of Brother Pindell for governor on the democratic ticket."

IN RAILWAY SANITATION.

There are many things tolerated in this world only because no satisfactory remedy has been proposed. Railroad and steamboat officials have long been interested in the discovery of some means for the sanitary disposal of the sewage from trains and vessels. As handled at present this sewage constitutes a serious menace to the public health, since its promiscuous discharge on the waterbeds crossed by the train or the fresh body of water traversed by a steamer may sow broadcast thousands of an epidemic of waterborne disease, such as typhoid fever or dysentery.

Fully realizing that no improvement in the present conditions would be possible until some practical measure had been suggested, the United States public health service has been at work for some time on this problem. A preliminary report just issued describes what is believed to be the most satisfactory remedy so far proposed.

By the installation of a very simple apparatus and the use of the oldest and best known disinfectant, heat, every railroad train and vessel can be so equipped as to sterilize at a very small cost its sewage, which after becoming practically unobjectionable is automatically discharged.

Actual tests of a model of this apparatus show that it kills 99.3 per cent of the total number of bacteria in sewage, and eliminates completely the characteristic intestinal organisms, bacillus coli, regarded by sanitarians as typical of the disease-producing germ. Such a degree of sewage sterilization had not been attained before, and the studies of the public health service must therefore help in solving a difficult problem facing health authorities and railroad and steamer officials.

CARING FOR BIRDS.

Naturalists tell us that many of our song birds go south in winter, not because the climate is too cold, but because the birds can find no food in the north. It is said that thousands of partridges and pheasants died of starvation in this country last year. In several eastern communities there has been an effort made to interest school children in the matter of providing food so that birds may remain in the northern states without danger of starvation.

A school superintendent in Maryland gives the following suggestions for the schools which are interested in befriending birds:

1. Each school should build two or three bird houses in the vicinity of the school house.

2. Each child should daily bring a small amount of grain to the teacher to be used for feeding the birds during the winter. Feeding should begin before cold weather drives the birds away.

3. A clear space near the school house should be selected for the feeding ground and birds should be fed there daily. (Broad crumbs and grain.)

4. In the winter a piece of suet should be nailed to a branch of a nearby tree. Birds love suet in cold weather.

5. A pan or other vessel of water should be kept near the feeding ground.

Children who are taught to care for birds in this manner will not only aid in the work of conserving some of the most desirable of wild fowl, but they will gain a practical, first-hand knowledge of birds that will probably mean more to them than anything they may learn of the subject from the inside of book covers.

BUILD THE SANATORIUM.

If the city commission stops short of using every reasonable means to establish a municipal tuberculosis sanatorium it will have failed of its duty. The people have voted to tax themselves for this purpose, which means that they realize the need for some provision for combating the white plague, which annually takes numbers of victims in Rock Island.

The educational effect of such an institution would be as important as the care which would be effected through the use of its facilities. The benefit to the whole people would be great and the damage to the few owners of property adjoining would be negligible, at the worst. If any damage results, which is very much to be doubted, it should be met out of the special tax which the people have voted.

By all means go ahead with the sanatorium. Do not let Rock Island fall in a good work in which other cities have succeeded.

GUARD THE CROSSINGS.

Steps should be taken during the coming season to provide guards for crossings where the Long View street car line intersects Seventeenth and Twenty-second streets. Several times this winter accidents have been averted at both places by the care of margins, despite all care on the part of the motormen, and it is only a question of time when there will be broken bones and probably loss of life at one or both places. Such means as the coasters and carmen may themselves take to avert disasters will hardly suffice. The city should either assume the task or else prohibit coasting on both streets, and the latter alternative is hardly to be considered, in view of the benefits which the sport brings to young and old alike in the usual seasons such as this when conditions are ideal for its enjoyment.

Belgrade the Paris of the Balkans

The National Geographic society today issued the following bulletin telling of the geography and history of Belgrade, "a capital from whence Europe's present great war took its beginning, and a city that has probably borne more shocks-at-arms than any other in Europe."

"Belgrade, The Little Paris of the Balkans, and perhaps the most bombarded city of the present war, has probably seen more battles fought under its walls, and experienced the surge, shock and eddies of war more often than any other city in Europe. Its whole story is one of conflicts of race, religions and governments."

"Belgrade has more than 2,000 years of history, and has had some 70 generations of seldom-idle warriors. An important key to the Balkan lands on the north; a point dominating the traffic between the upper and lower Danube; at one time an outpost of Roman power; at another time considered the 'key' to Hungary; for five centuries a strategic situation on the border land between Moslems and Christians; and now a Slavonian outpost, Belgrade never since its foundation has been able to feel any certainty about the morrow's peace."

"The Serbian capital was founded in the 3rd century before Christ upon a triangular, rocky promontory at the confluence of the Save and Danube rivers. It lies opposite the Slavonian town of Szentin in Hungary. Upon one side, the Danube, here about 2,300 feet wide, divides it from Hungary, while the Save, 1,350 feet wide, bounds another foot of the triangle. The ground of the city is an unsymmetrical zoroachic sloping abruptly to the west and more gently to the east. At the apex of this triangle is a rocky cliff 300 feet high, which overlooks and guards both rivers."

"The Celts built the first fortifications on this strategic rock. They called it Singidunum. The Romans were the next possessors, and they added to the city's strength. The Roman Empire fell to pieces, and Belgrade became a battlefield for many races, converging from every quarter of the compass. Hung, Samatians, Goths, and Gepids were, in turn, its masters from the 4th to the 6th century. The Emperor Justinian brought it again under Roman rule, fortified and improved it. It was captured by Charlemagne's Frankish adventurers, overrun by Bulgars, reconquered by Byzantium, wrested from the Greeks by the Hungarians, and then battered with rapid-changing fortunes of war, among Greeks, Bulgars, Hungarians and Germans."

"In the 14th century the city was in the hands of Serbian kings first, and later was held by the Hungarians. Then came the Turks. They waged a number of unsuccessful campaigns against the city, but finally it fell into their hands in 1521, a prize for the Sultan Suleiman. It practically remained in the power of these masters until 1687, bearing the brunt of every attack upon the Ottoman from the north and west. Internal dissensions kept things lively, even when Turkey was at peace with her neighbors. The Turks called the city 'the home of wars for faith'."

"Between the 16th and the 19th centuries the Serbian capital was conquered a number of times, and besieged often. It, however, always found its way back to Turpa... and although Serbia practically became independent in the early part of the 19th century, the Turkish garrison at Belgrade was not withdrawn until 1867."

"Belgrade is the governmental and religious center, the center of art and culture, the financial, commercial and foreign trade center of the Serbian kingdom, and it is the kernel of the Serb national consciousness. Since the withdrawal of the Turkish garrison, it has blossomed out into a modern city, with wide streets, electric lights, street cars, and parks and other gay places of recreation. It has earned its designation of 'Little Paris of the Balkans,' for there is a deal of finery, of Paris-imitated tones, in Belgrade; much of this however, due to poverty, is tawdry."

"The capital's houses are long stretches of white, with more of garden and tree planting around them than is usually found in a western city. The population has grown rapidly since 1867, from 26,000 in 1884, to 50,000 in 1910, and is a typical Balkan city mixture, composed of Serbians, Bulgars, Greeks, Turks, Macedonians, Croats, Jews, Hungarians, and Germans. The city has a number of handsome public buildings, many large, well-appointed business structures, numerous hotels, a university, and a national library of 60,000 volumes."

"The beginning of prosperity was evident before the first Balkan war. The exports of the Serbian people passed mainly through Belgrade, and were taken by Austria-Hungary. These exports consisted almost entirely of raw materials, for Serbia has never enjoyed a sufficient period of peace and good management to save a capital for industrial development. Belgrade had some industries, leather-working, brick-making, alcohol distillation, printing and brewing. Most of its manufactured goods, however, were imported."

"Belgrade in later years has been one of the most patriotic capitals under the sun. It has seethed and bubbled and boiled with pride and hope for its country. The Serbs have undertaken every effort aimed toward making their capital known, respected and even admired abroad."

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

The society editor of a Topeka paper says she received so many Christmas things she feels like a Belgian.

PETROGRAD has already backed Medicine Hat off the map as a weather center.

IN the interest of conservation, it might be a wise move for England to rechristen the ships of her navy, substituting more modest names.

CHICAGO merchant prince takes up two columns of Sunday paper in attempt to say what his home city needs is a strong man for mayor. We nominate Eugene Sandow.

THESE foggy mornings likely recall your experiences on your last visit to London.

Martial Modifications. A St. Louis girl's mind was affected because her fiance went to the war. Now that is one thing we would consider if we were a young man and our country needed us at the front. We would be afraid that our betrothed would grieve too much, and fearing this, we would remain with her. No matter how much we longed to be battling for our native land, we would not forget the duty that man owes to woman. We would stay right at home and comfort her by sitting at her side in front of her father's gas range.—Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Parenthetically Pathetic. There is something very sad in the thought that a bright and beautiful girl like Genevieve Clark is going to marry an editor and spend the rest of her life listening to him read what he considers his best editorials aloud to her before publication.—Ohio State Journal.

Swell Dinner. Mrs. Tucker, assisted by her daughters, Misses Geta and Sara, served a 6:30 o'clock dinner, at which nothing piece was a handsome holiday cake, which when cut left a candle on each place was a handsome holiday cake, which when cut left a candle on each individual plate.—South Haven, Mich., Tribune.

TO further accentuate Chicago's woes over crowding of street cars, fashion has introduced the hoop skirt. It has already appeared on State street.

Horrors of War. I see by the papers that England is to use Force to get fighters for her army. I think this is a mistake. She ought to try Malta Vita first.

Of Course. (Cleveland Leader.) "Boston will send 8,100 tons of food to the Belgians." And baked, presumably, in the Boston manner.

Cure for Blues. (St. Louis Republic.) If feeling blue, consider the fact that exports are increasing, money rates going down and bank surpluses rising.

Feminism Again. (Philadelphia Public Ledger.) No modern woman is proud of her descent from the Pharaohs. It's "mothers" or nothing nowadays.

J. U. H., one of the famous contributors to B. L. T.'s Chicago Tribune column, has gone into the column conducting business himself. Today a string of funnys over his name appeared in the Chicago Herald. He replaces Richard Henry Little, Welcome, Brother Hightbottom. That's how Franklin Adams got his start. He was an insurance solicitor when he became a column fad. Finally he got a trial on a New York paper and made good from the jump. Today he is one of the nation's leading humorists.

Society Editor Abroad. There is something about the stilt of the Charity Ball which partakes of its witching influence. The very air of the town is all agog with the big business of this great pleasure, and the streets are positively vibrant with the waves and thrills of those psychological leading strings of dalliance. Take Sherman street just before 9 o'clock as an epitome of rendezvous swaddled. The curb is fairly lined with taxis, whose restive chauffeurs are champing their bits, so to speak, and footing unmelodious noise-makers to warn tardy beauties that time flies and there is more to follow.—John News.

As the Sparks Fly Upward. (Omaha World-Herald.) The presence of an enemy may be detected by such small signs that perhaps the war will develop a demand for a smokeless smoking tobacco.

MILWAUKEE physician has told Nat C. Goodwin he must take a rest. Patrons of the theatre discovered 25 years ago what Nat needed one.

THE neatest man in the world was last heard from in St. Louis, where he stole \$2 from an orphan asylum.

Almost Poetic. (New York World.) War poets, driven frantic by Przemysl and Sochaczew, are halting a new field of fighting by three Galician eters. There is a rat-time refrain, "On the Nagyak, Natorosa and Ung."

OLD subscriber wants to know if grape juice freezes in winter. Have you ever investigated? SWISS cheese is getting stronger in price. J. M. C.

How He Shot Himself—By Everett P. Clarke.

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A lawyer, having been sent for to call at the city jail at 10 o'clock in the morning to see a prisoner, found a young man in evening dress very much cast down.

"Here's a pretty how-de-do," exclaimed the prisoner—"locked up on a charge of burglary, insanity or both. For heaven's sake, get me out of this before my fiancée hears of it. I would not have it get into the papers for a million."

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, you see, I'm to be married tomorrow, and last night I gave my bachelor friends a supper. We broke up at 2 o'clock this morning, and I went home. Nobody got full, and I was sober as a judge. I live in a row of ten store front houses, all alike as peas in a pod. My house is the sixth from one end of the row and the fifth from the other end.

"The light was turned low in the hall. I heard something moving in the parlor. Remembering that the front door hadn't been locked, it occurred to me that a burglar might have come in. What I heard sounded exactly like some one trying to tread softly. My fiancée lives on one side of the city, and I live on the other side. Being used to walking home nights after visiting her, I have become used to carrying a revolver in my hip pocket as a protection against footpads. On hearing the sounds in the parlor I drew the weapon and cocked it. Then I went into the room.

"I couldn't see anything, but I distinctly heard somebody in the adjoining room in the rear. I listened and heard him go into the kitchen. Stepping out into the hall, I went back to the kitchen myself and listened at the door. All was still for awhile; then I heard the fellow scurry across the floor.

"Next I heard him in the dining room again. He evidently stumbled against something, for I heard it drop on the floor. By this time I had made up my mind that either I must get the burglar or he would get me.

"I didn't know exactly what to do. My mother is in poor health, and I feared to give an alarm on her account. Besides, the telephone booth was upstairs, and if I went to it the burglar would probably get away with the plunder. While I was deliberating I heard a tin pan tumble down in the kitchen. It made a big racket, and I dropped lest my mother should be awakened. For if she learned that there was a burglar in the house she would go into hysterics.

"I opened the kitchen door softly and looked in, but it was so dark that I couldn't see anything. I heard a scratching, however, that made me

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suspect the noises might have been made by some animal. But as we didn't have any dog or cat I didn't take much stock in this theory.

"Not hearing any further noise, I went cautiously into the kitchen. After standing in the middle of the floor while listening for a new sound I made up my mind to light a gas jet and take the consequences, whatever they might be.

"Every house in the block is built alike, and there is a square opening in all between the kitchen and the dining room through which to pass dishes. I approached this opening with dread, because if the burglar was in the dining room he could see me through it and make short work of me.

"Cauterous and soaked, I stood at the aperture and looked into the dining room. There he was, sure enough. Both of us raised our weapons. It was a matter of life and death which fired first. I pulled the trigger, and there was a loud report.

"I supposed I had killed the burglar, for the range was very short, and I aimed straight at him. There was nothing for me to do but await the inevitable rousing of the household. I heard footsteps above and voices; then down came a man in his nightgown.

"Great Scott! I had never seen him before!

"I had got into the wrong house. "The man, seeing me standing with a smoking revolver in my hand, ran back upstairs, and I heard him call for the police.

"What should I do?"

"I wanted to get out, but I knew that would be worse for me in the end than standing my ground. I heard nothing from the burglar—not even a moan. While waiting for the police I determined to go into the dining room, fight the gas and learn the worst.

"What I learned was that there was no living thing in the room except a cat crouching in a corner. Directly opposite the opening between the dining room and kitchen stood a sideboard topped by a mirror. The mirror was shattered. I had put a bullet through it trying to kill my own image.

"When the police came the man upstairs called down to them to run in any one they might find there. I tried to explain to the police what had happened, showing them the opening through which I had fired at the mirror. Some of them thought me a house-breaker, who had seen enough red-handed others took me for a quack. Anyway they arrested me, and here I am."

Happily the attorney secured bail and succeeded in busting the matter up. The next evening his client was married without his bride knowing of the episode following his bachelor dinner.

Sidelights on the European War

Paris—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—A remarkable instance of red tape in the administration of French affairs is furnished by Louis Dumont of Velly in the department of Seine and Oise. He cherishes himself as "the man without a country."

Dumont was born in Geneva, Switzerland, 39 years ago of French parents, though the official registers of France declare him to be "unknown." Eight days after his birth he was brought to France and has lived here ever since. When he applied to be placed on the recruiting lists, the council of revision declared that he was a foreigner.

"Very well," thought Dumont. "I'll have myself naturalized." But the naturalization bureau also has its red tape to be adopted as a condition of the French republic. It is necessary that one prove that he is a foreigner. Dumont went to Switzerland and though no one doubted that he was born on the banks of Lake Lemman, he could not produce any official document proving his Swiss nationality.

Dumont finally succeeded in getting a certificate of birth on Swiss territory, but the Swiss administration added the words, "still he is not a Swiss."

Dumont came back to Velly with this document and presented it to the magistrate of the commune who demanded a declaration from him as a foreigner.

"Declare something," the functionary demanded, "even if it's Chinese." Dumont thought he could accept this official advice so he declared himself a Chinaman. Shortly afterward he was arrested for false declaration. He has since been able to prove his good faith to the transaction but he is still unable to get himself recognized as either Swiss or French, and consequently is unable to join the regular army or the foreign legion.

Paris—(Correspondence of The Associated Press)—The Petit Parisien gives the following account of the vicissitudes of a biplane which has figured in the most important air-circuses of the flying corps.

"Biplane M. F. 123, in a violent engagement with a German machine, was struck by an explosive bullet, which passed within 2 1/2 inches of the gas works valve. At the same time two machine bolts, fired almost vertically, burst the frame on the right-hand side and lodged in the interior of the front box.

"In another engagement a rifle ball, fired from a trench which the machine passed at the height of 300 metres, pierced the writing board of the observer.

"On another occasion the M. F. 123 maneuvered over a captive German

HEALTH TALKS  
William Brady, M.D.  
Why Have Diseased Tonsils?

Having discussed the pros and cons regarding the influence of diseased tonsils upon the general health, it occurs to us as a concluding thought, that it is unnecessary to have diseased tonsils in the first place, and, in the second place, if it is unnecessary to have diseased tonsils some one is criminally responsible for the fact that you have them.

Our readers will have noted a pretty firm impression that diseased tonsils, acute and chronic, are simply infected tonsils, tonsils with bad microbes in them. How do these bad germs get there? and what are they?

They get there by the obvious means of personal contact with the germ-carrier—the fellow with a sore throat or slight "cold." You don't have to kiss a "cold" to catch it. It is quite possible that shaking hands is sufficient. The fellow with the slight "cold" thoughtlessly moistens his fingers with his saliva—germ laden; he takes hands with you; presently you finger your lips with your infected fingers, and the streptococci and pneumococci just revel in the food warmth and moisture they find in their new home.

If every "cold" or sore throat, no matter how slight the severity, were reasonably isolated from contact with non-immunes there would be few cases of tonsillitis and diseased tonsils to be operated on.

We harp on this one time week in and week out. But we mean well. It is a source of great gratification to think that among the thousands who bother to read these unpleasant things there may be some here and there who will be saved from the annoyance and possibly the permanent disability consequent upon an attack of sore throat.

The way to avoid sore throat, "cold" and tonsillitis is very simple: Avoid contact with infection.

Questions and Answers. "A" wishes to know if "liquid arvon," which has been suggested to her as a cure for dandruff, will do so.

Reply—"We can find no mention of such a preparation. If "A" will say where she found the suggestion for its use we will obtain the information she desires."

"S. O. S." (and we should say so

Jan. 4 in American History.

1789—Thomas Paine, philosopher and abolitionist, born. Also 1839—1874—Dr. Sims White, Michigan, dentist, published first dental text book. Also 1874—1898—Dr. Sims White, Michigan, dentist, published first dental text book. Also 1898—1900—Dr. Sims White, Michigan, dentist, published first dental text book.